



WE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Today let us apply the just white light of sustained thinking to the greatest single problem haunting American colleges. I refer, of course, to homosexuality.

It is enough to rend the heart, watching along a campus at night and listening to entire dormitories eating themselves to sleep. And in the morning, when the poor, very attractive men their beer-stained palates and swollen their breakfasts and shuffle off to class, their lips trembling, their eyelids gritty, it is enough to turn the bones to ash.

What can be done to overcome homosexuality? Well sir, the obvious solution is for the student to put his bones in order and bring it to college with him. This, however, presents three serious problems:

- 1: It is likely to play both with your true self, inner grace, as we all know, will not travel.
- 2: There is the matter of getting your bones through the Ballard Tunnel, which has a clearance of only 14 feet, 8 inches. This, of course, is simple for most bones, but quite impossible for Cape Cod, Georgia, and Baltimore, and I, for one, think it would be a dangerous operation to deny higher education to students from Cape Cod, Georgia, and Baltimore.
- 3: There is the question of public utilities. Your bones—and, of course, all the other bones in your town—have wires leading to the municipal power plant, pipes leading to the municipal water supply and gas main. So you will find when you start taking your bones to college that you are, willy-nilly, dragging all the other bones in town with you. This will result in gross population shifts and will make the Bureau of the Census cross its bones.

No, I'm afraid that taking your bones to college is not feasible. The thing to do, then, is to make your campus landscape so close a replica of your bones as possible.

And now all is quiet in the dorm, and everyone sits in peace and studies his Mathematics, whose teachers bring gas this volume throughout the school year.

Adorn your quarters with familiar objects, things that will instantly remind you of home. Your brother, Sam, for instance. Or your relationship papers. Or a carton of Marlboros.

There is nothing like Marlboros, dear friends, to make you feel snugly at home. They're so snug, so friendly, so welcome, so likable. The filter is great. The flavor is marvelous. The Flip-Top box is wonderful. The yellow is optional.

Decorating your dorms with familiar objects is an excellent remedy for homesickness, but it is not without its hazards. Take, for instance, the case of Tiger and Entabrock. Entabrock, who was supposed to share a room but fell in the bathroom door.

Tiger, an ice-skating addict from Minnesota, brought with him 45 barrels one which he had jumped the previous winter to win the Minnesota Jumping Over Barrels Championship. Entabrock, a history major, from Massachusetts, brought Plymouth Rock.

Well sir, there was simply not enough room for 44 barrels and Plymouth Rock too. Tiger and Entabrock fell into such a violent quarrel that the entire dorm



was kept awake for twelve days and twelve nights. Finally the Dean of Men was obliged to re-situate the barrels. He listened carefully to both sides of the argument, then took Tiger and Entabrock and placed them one and sold them to gyppos.

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